

# De La Soul Lyrics

"I.C. Y'all"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Yeah!

*[Busta Rhymes]*

Ha ha ha-hah ha-hah ha, ha-hah ha-hah ha  
Ha ha Flipmode y'all, whatchu talkin bout?  
De La y'all, whatchu talkin bout?  
Whatchu talkin bout?

*[Dove]*

Yo, you gettin stomped by the marching band  
Keep 'em shook like spray cans (it's so hot)  
It's so hot it'll make your face tan (ooh!)  
Ace ban rap, the place the wasteland  
Bit y'all in my mouth, but you taste bland  
I feel fake niggaz and mince these snake niggaz  
that hiss but won't bite - false alarm  
And if it don't (Rockwild) we fin' to drop a bomb  
(Word up) (Strong) grip on a mic like we (Stretch Arm)  
I BEEN shine, you been warned and been torn  
Get smacked for the B.S. you been on  
Storm bad weather/whether or not you stay scorned  
For ten years I've baked shit like hot potato  
Rhymes still drippin like stu-b's, you groupies  
need to show I.D. before the bust down  
Touched down the God put 7 to your Zippo  
and drop it on you heavy like a hippo  
(Now you heard that?)

*[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]*

To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all  
Ladies get down shake yo' ASS around, I hope you know that  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all  
To all my soldiers on the corner I.C. Y'all (see y'all)  
Women doin what they wanna I.C. Y'all  
To them people gettin pulled over I.C. Y'all (see y'all)  
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) wouldn't wanna be y'all

*[Pos]*

It's the one and only effect, that you catch from a cassette  
Straight wig out the world and girls we straight dig out ya back  
with letters spellin out my name  
All over your marquee, cause the spark is me  
Currently we can be seen across your screen  
Stayin wide-eyed cause you niggaz tryin to scheme  
Welcome to the spot - I'm slaying with it

Chop it up and fit it inside your quart of rice  
You speak ghetto falsetto on the mic device  
Tryin to give me third degree, you just a third of me  
Couldn't be the shit if you were a turd of me  
A man tight with my funds, crush like Ricky D  
who quoted Vance Wright - no one can serve us!  
My squad advance heights quite superb  
Just kick off your shoes - jump on the jock  
It's been a long time comin this you NEED to cop!

*[Chorus]*

*[Busta Rhymes]*

It goes one (one) two (two) three (three) four (four)  
Bounce so much I ricochet up off the floor (floor)  
So raw shit the most raw you ever saw  
Quarter after four, niggaz quick to bust the back door  
Baby - open your blouse while I joust another nigga's spouse  
Quick Jamaican dick style all in they house  
I practice to be the all access, you see the fact is  
my mouth dirty, so follow while I display the slackness  
Yo, you see my slang talk straight from the slums  
When I was young, moms put soap on my tongue, and yo-yo  
Forever we gettin this CHEDDAR with the quickness  
While I cast the spell on these bitches, you can be my eyewitness  
Short fuse, nowadays Langston Hughes  
We gettin money with whoever - even the Jews  
The way we finagle and gain it must be all in my shoes  
Fuck a nigga up with De La like [?] can amuse

*[Chorus]*